

K. M. G. BY HER LADYSHIP.

When I was young I used to go
With pail in hand to the fields below,
For to milk the cows in the dewy grass,
And cultivate the lettuce and the garden sass;
I'd root up the sassafras to make our tea,
And dance "French fours" at a paring bee;
It was then that HANK came a courting me,
And now he is Sir HENRY and a K. M. G.

I married HANK, and in good time
We cut the old farm for the dry-goods line;
We sold our calicoes, pantaloons and coats,
And traded for butter, and barley and oats;
The barley and butter we would sell for cash,
So we made plenty money and could cut a dash;
We spent our money so skillfullee
That now I'm the wife of a K. M. G.

In township Councils HANK got such a name
That in a short time an M.P. he became.
He palavered with the Premier, with the
French "parley v'nd,"

Till he soon on the floor at a front desk stood,
He didn't say much, but he voted all right,
And he brought in his colleagues when they
were very tight,
And for thus "supporting" them so earnest-
lee,

He now is a swell and a K. M. G.

I've often sighed for a carriage and pair,
Or a brougham or a barouche just to take
the air.

I long for a coachman with a gold bat-band,
And footman behind in uniform to stand,
As befitting a lady of high degree
Whose husband is a Knight and a K. M. G.

L'Envoi.

I sometimes think in a reveree
Could I ever have danced at a paring bee?

Our Own Dick Deadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

"I have heard it stated," says the Marquis of LORNE, "that one of the many causes of the gross ignorance which prevails abroad with reference to our beautiful climate is owing to the persistence with which our photographers love to represent chiefly our winter scenes." Quite true, me lud, only it is the sitters, and not the photographers, who love to make our country ridiculous in this way; and those sitters are usually old country people of more or less noble blood, who get themselves "took" knee deep in snow for the express purpose of enlightening the friends at home.

EDWARD BLAKE addressed immense and enthusiastic audiences in several places during the past week. Why can't we induce this gifted orator to go on the lecture platform occasionally, with a subject aside from politics?

The leading statesmen of all other countries make more or less figure in art and literature; is it possible that our party Chiefs have no knowledge of anything beyond the little strategies of our pigny politics? Surely it would be a grateful change for all concerned if they would once in a while devote their talents to other things.

I don't think I ever heard so much bosh talked in the course of my long political life as I have heard within the past few weeks in connection with the Local contest, which is now happily over.

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Historical.

"The Chicago Tribune says: 'Napoleon's war-cry was: 'Up Guards, and at 'em!'' This is evidence of the rapid advance of historic knowledge in the West. It was Wellington who cried at Waterloo: 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' When a man undertakes to write for a newspaper he should not make his pen talk nonsense."—New York Mercury.

Dear friend, neither Napoleon nor Wellington used the words, so that historic knowledge may still be regarded as evenly balanced between the east and the west. The words were first put into Wellington's mouth by an enthusiastic penny-a-liner, who was hundreds of miles from Waterloo on the day of the battle.—London Herald.

Well now, are you sure it wasn't your contemporary the Advertiser who first used the words. "Up guards and at 'em!" on Thursday last, addressing the emigrants so basely malignd by Mr. TAYLOR. You remember that Mr. T. stigmatized them as—guards.

Many of our fashionable churches have tony pastors.

I have a notion to establish a lecture bureau, and provide a popular course next season. How would this list do: "Irish Oratory," Mr. EDWARD BLAKE; "Poosy," Mr. BURR PLUMB; "Macchiavellei," Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD; "The Temperance Reform," Sir SAM. L. TILLEY; "Journalism," Mr. GEO. BROWN, etc., etc. I believe these lectures would be liberally patronized and do an immense amount of good. This is not a joke.

A correspondent of the *Canada Presbyterian* comes up to time this week and gives the *Globe* a solid hit between the eyes for its hypocrisy in condemning prize-fighting, and at the same time giving a detailed account of the DWYER-ELLIOTT brutality. Quite right; 'twas a most arrant piece of *Uriah Heepism*, done for the sake of a few bawbees. But why not include the *Mail* sinner. Mr. Correspondent? They were both in the same miserable boat.

GEORGE BROWN may be the Dictator that Conservatives paint him, but he certainly occupies more space in the editorial columns of the *Telegram* than he does in the ranks of the Patriy.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH made a clumsy blunder when he called Gritism "Calvinism in Politics." He intended it as a sneer, when in point of fact it was a high and, unfortunately, undeserved compliment. This would be a happy country if all its people acted on the principles of Calvinism.

Let this knighting business go on a little longer and we will be obliged to distinguish gentlemen of mark by calling them *Misters*.

The preliminary sparring on the copper-pyrites charges between HUNTINGTON and WHITE during the session, has culminated in a match for \$50,000 damages, to be fought out on the floor of a court house at an early day. I'm glad to hear it, and I devoutly hope that the one who has been telling the lies may get a worse mauling than the wretched ELLIOTT received at Long Point.

It is stated in the cable despatches that probably Lord CHELMSFORD will ask for a leave of absence from his post in Zululand when Gen. WOLSELEY arrives. This is a neat way of putting it, and recalls forcibly the incident of our late Postmaster asking to be superannuated.

On behalf of the distinguished Secretary of the U. E. Club, I rise to ask the Dignity of the House of Commons what it proposes to do about that little insult affair.

I clip this from Monday's *Mail*:

"The sources whence the *Globe* derives all its wonderful stock of fresh and accurate information have always been a deep and impenetrable mystery; but after all there was not much in the mystery—there seldom is much in any mystery. A paragraph in a recent issue telegraphed from Ottawa affords a clue to the source of the stream of information which flows forever *Globe*-wards. It was as follows:—

The workmen and servants at Rideau Hall speak without exception in the warmest manner of the affability displayed by the Princess LOUISE towards them on all occasions."

Over this rather far fetched thrust stood the heading, "Fons et origo mali," which looks as if it might mean—"Such also is the fountain and origin of *Mail* intelligence."